

like it's some great adventure  
some perilous mission  
& when the dog is finished she  
scoops up his shit  
on a neatly folded paper towel  
& carries it to the street  
places it oh so carefully  
into the gutter  
like maybe it's an abandoned baby  
on a church doorstep  
or some kind of bomb  
& then she marches back  
across the street  
lock stepping with the dog  
a couple of generals  
home from the wars.

#### CUSTER'S LAST STAND

baby, we have to cut this out  
I mean, it's getting to be like  
Custer's last stand  
around here  
& you've got so many horses  
so many arrows you're  
shooting my way  
like why don't we ever go out  
& why don't I cut down on the drinking  
& why do I have to stay up all night.

but it's always like this  
when I'm writing  
you know that  
the poet's isolation is not a  
romantic myth  
& like Custer I've gathered  
my wagons & my cavalry  
all about me  
closing myself off  
from all those Indians out there.

& listen it's bad enough  
knowing I'm not going to win  
knowing they'll get to me  
soon enough  
so please baby hang on  
just a little longer  
these poems I write they  
aren't bullets & they won't  
make those Indians go away

but they will help me to stand tall  
& look those bastards in the eye  
when they come in for the kill.